VOL. 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1859.

NO. 17.

"ALLEGHANIAN" DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Masters. Districts. Joseph Graham, Yoder. thel Station, Joseph S Mardis, Blacklick. Benjamin Wirtner, Carroll. ess Springs, Daul. Litzinger, Chest. John J. Troxell, Washint'n. M. C. M'Cague, Ebensburg. Isaac Thompson, en Timber. White. M. Christy, Gallitzin. Joseph Gill, Chest. Wm. M'Gough, Washt'n. H. A. Boggs, Johnst'wn nstown, Wm. Gwinn. Loretto. E. Wissinger, eral Point. Conem'gh. A. Durbin, Munster. Francis Clement, Conem'gh Andrew J. Ferral Susq'han. G. W. Bowman, danid, White. Augustine, Joseph Moyer, Clearfield. George Conrad, Richland. B. M'Colgan, Washt'n. Wm. Murray,

Miss M. Gillespie Washt'n. Andrew Beck, S'mmerhill. CHURCHES, MINISTERS. &c. Produterian-Rev. D. Harbison, Pastor .-

Croyle.

ching every Sabbath morning at 104 and in the evening at 2 o'clock. Sab-School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meetvery Thursday evening at 6 o'clock. dist Episcopal Church-Rev. J. SHANE. her in charge. Rev J. M. Smith, As-Preaching every Sabbath, alternately log o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the g. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. meeting every Thursday evening at 7

A Independent-REV. Lt. R. POWELL, -Preaching every Sabbath morning at clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. th School at I o'clock, P. M. Prayer ing on the first Monday evening of each and on every Tuesday, Thursday Il Friday evening, excepting the first week

trimetic Methodist-Rev. John Williams. -Preaching every Sabbath evening at o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Friday evening clock. Society every Tuesday evening

Disciples-Ray, WM. LLOYD, Pastor-Preachevery Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Particular Bantists-Rev. David Jenkins, stor. -Preaching every Subbath evening at clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Catholic -- Rav. M. J. MITCHELL, Pastor .iers every Sabbath morning at 16 o'clock d Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

124 o'clock, A. M. ern, daily, at MAILS CLOSE. 61 o'clock, A. M. err. daily, at The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongs-Ac., arrive on Tuesday and Friday of week, at 5 o'clock, P. M. are Ebensburg on Mondays and Thurs-

at 7 o'clock, A. M. Ber The Mails from Newman's Mills, Carllown, &c., arrive on Monday and Friday of week, at 3 o'clock, P. M. the Ehensburg on Tuesdays and Satur-

st 7 o'clock, A. M. Les l'est Office open on Sundays from lo o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE. WILMORE STATION.

t-Express Train, leaves at

Mail Train, 8.24 P. M. -Express Train, Mail Train, 10.00 A. M. 6.30 A. M. Fast Line,

COUNTY OFFICERS. Judges of the Courts .- President, Hon. Geo.

or, Huntingdon; Associates, GeorgeW. v. Richard Jones, Jr. Prothonotary.—Joseph M'Donald. Clerk to Prothonotary.—Robert A. M'Coy. Register and Recorder.—Michael Hasson. Deputy Register and Recorder .- John Scan-

Sheriff .- Robert P. Linton. Deputy Sheriff .- George C. K. Zahm, strict Attorney .- Philip S. Noon. County Commissioners .- John Bearer, Abel

ed, David T. Storm. Yerk to Commissioners .- George C. K. Zahm. ounsel to Commissioners .- John S. Rhey. Treasurer .- George J. Rodgers. or House Directors .- William Palmer, id O Harro, Michael M'Guire.

our House Treasurer.—George C. K. Zahm. Mercantile Appraiser .- Thomas M'Connell. Inditors.—Rees J. Lloyd, Daniel Cobaugh, my Hawk.

unty Surveyor .- Henry Scanlan. woner .- Peter Dougherty. perintendent of Common Schools .- S. B.

BENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS. Justices of the Peace .- David H. Roberts,

rison Kinkend. Burgess.-John D. Hughes. Town Council .- Andrew Lewis, Joshua D arrish, David Lewis, Richard Jones, Jr., M

Clerk to Council .- James C. Noon. Borough Treasurer .- George Gurley. Weigh Masters .- Davis & Lloyd. School Directors .- M. C. M'Cague, A. A. arker, Thomas M. Jones, Reese S. Lloyd, ward Glass, William Davis.

Treasurer of School Board .- Evan Morgan. Constable. - George Gurley. Tax Collector .- George Gurley. Assessor.—Richard T. Davis.

SELECT POETRY.

For the Mother's Sake.

A young man, who had left his home in Maine, ruddy and vigorous, was scized with the yellow fever, in New Orleans; and, though nursed with devoted care by friendly strangers, he died. When the coffin was being closed, "Stor," said an aged woman who was present: LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER!"

Let me kiss him for his mother. Ere ye lay him with the dead, Far away from home, another Sure may kiss him in her stead. How that mother's lip would kiss him, Till her heart should nearly break! How in days to come she'll miss him! Let me kiss him for her sake.

Let me kiss him for his mother! Let me kiss the wandering boy: It may be there is no other Left behind to give her joy. When the news of woe the morrow Burns her bosom like a coal. She may feel this kiss of sorrow Fall as balm upon her soul.

Let me kiss him for his mother! Heroes ye, who by his side Waited on him as a brother Till the Northern stranger died,-Heeding not the foul infection, Breathing in the fever-breath,-Let me, of my own election, Give the mother's kiss in death,

Let me kiss him for his mother ! Loving thought and loving deed! Seek no tear nor sigh to smoother, Gebtle matrons, while ve read. Thank the God who made you human, Gave ve pitying tears to sheed: Honor ye the Christian woman Bending o'er another's dead.

SELECT MISCELLANY

A Riff in the Clouds. BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Andrew Lee came home at evening from the shop where he had worked all day, tired and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired, and out of

"A smiling wife, and a cheerful home -what a paradise it would be !" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and | fully, Mary." sat down, with knitted brows and a moody

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the word only, none in the voice of Mrs. Lee. Andrew arose and went to the table .-He was tempted to speak an angry word,

but controlled himself, and kept silence. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the sweet home-made bread, nor the fra- and all was easy now. His hand was grant tea. They would have cheered his among the clouds, and a few feeble ravs inward man, if there had only been a were already struggling through the rift gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. it had made. He noticed that she did not eat.

supper. As he pushed his chair back, little puzzled him. his wife arose and commenced clearing off "Do you think so?" she asked, quite

"This is purgatory!" said Lee to himers' pockets, and his chin almost touching | peated, as he stood before her. his breast.

After removing all the dishes, and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and her. "How strange that you should ask placing a freshly trimmed lamp thereon, me such a question !" went out, and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unstood still for a few moments, and then stood and wept. drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down and commenced reading. Singularly mind of Andrew Lee. He had never givenough, the words on which his eyes res- en to his faithful wife even the small reted were, "Praise your wife." They rather | ward of praise for all the loving interest tended to increase the disturbance of mind | she had manifested daily, until doubt of from which he was suffering.

praising mine." How quickly his thoughts wonder that her face grew clouded, nor expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But that what he considered moodiness and his eyes were on the page before him, and ill nature took possession of her spirit. he read on.

paper, and muttered, "Oh, yes! that's all dearest place on earth." very well. Praise is cheap enough. But "How precious to me are your words of Inspectors. David H. Roberts, Daniel O. praise her for what? For being sullen, love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, and making your home the most disagree- smiling up through her tears into his face. without bringing her work with her.

again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, der than they have for ten years; but it joy. will do her good for all that, and you too."

It seemed to Andrew that this sentence was written just for him, and just for the feelings kindled upon the altar of human occasion. It was the complete answer to affections than a sister's pure, uncontamihis question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convic- velopment-dignified, and yet, withal, so ting him of injustice towards his wife .-She had always made his home as comfortable for him as hands could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise changes in the fortune, in the character, or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort experienced? He was not able to recall the time or the occasion. As he his character is maligned, whose voice will thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the so readily swell in his advocacy? Next kitchen, and taking her work-basket from a closet, placed it on the table, and sitting is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on down without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work it is so wholly divested of passion, and in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching. He knew that it was for him that she was at work. "Praise your wife." The words affection is blended with her existence. were before the eyes of his mind, and he In the annals of crime, it is considered could not look away from them. But he something anomalous to find the hand of was not ready for this yet. He still felt a sister raised in anger against her brothmoody and unforgiving. The expression er, or her heart nurturing the seeds of of his wife's face he interpreted to mean envy, hatred or revenge, in regard to that ill nature, and with ill nature he had no brother. In all affections of woman there patience. His eye fell upon the newspa- is a devotedness which cannot be properly per that lay spread out before him, and appreciated by man. In these regards he read the sentence-

lets the sunshine through."

er. His own ill nature had to be conright, and at last got right, as to will .-Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning towards her, and taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully modulated with kindness-

"You are doing that work very beauti-

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to observe that she lost, almost instantly, that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle ceased.

"My shirts are better made, and whiter than those of any other man in the shop,' said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight buskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken through the ice of reserve,

"Yes, Mary," he answered, softly, "and "Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter good wife Andrew Lee must have.

them, for the face of his wife looked so Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her repellant that he feared an irritating re- husband. There was light in it, and light ply. And so, in moody silence, the twain in her eye. But there was something in sat together until Andrew had finished his | the expression of the countenance that a

"What a question !" ejaculated Andrew self, as he commenced walking the floor of Lee, starting up and going round to the their little breakfast room, with his hands | side of the table where his wife was sitthrust desperately away down in his trous- ting. "What a question, Mary!" he re-

"Do you?" It was all she said. "Yes, darling," was the warmly spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good :" and pleasant feelings. He took a long, deep Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face breath as she did so, paused in his walk, against the manly breast of her husband,

What a strong light broke in upon the his love had entered her soul, and made "I should like to find some occasion for the light around her thick darkness. No

"You are good and true, Mary, my own Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the face in sunshine, my home would be the tween the book of Nature and the book

able place in the world?" His eye fell "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

"She has made your home comfortable, Hew easy had been the work for An-your hearth bright and shining, your food drew Lee. He had swept his hand across agreeable; for pity's sake, tell her you the cloudy horizon of his home, and now thank her, if nothing more. She don't the bright sunshine was streaming down, expect it; it will make her eyes open wi- and flooding that home with beauty and

A SISTER'S LOVE .- There are no purer nated love for her brother, It is unlike all other affections-so disconnected with selfish sensuality-so feminine in its defond and devoted. Nothing can alter it -nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its revolutions effect and in the disposition of the brother-yet if he wants, whose hand will so speedily stretch out as that of his sister? And if to mother's unquenchable love, a sister's the ties of consanguinity for its sustenance, springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once where the passions are not at all necessa-"A kind cheerful word, spoken in a ry in increasing the strength of the affecgloonry home, is like a rift in a cloud, that tions, more sincere truth and pure feelings may be expected than in such as are de-Lee struggled with himself a while lon- pendent upon each other for their duration as well as their felicities. A sister's quered first; his moody, accusing spirit love, in this respect, is peculiarly remarkhad to be subdued. But he was coming able. There is no selfish gratification in its out-pourings; it lives from the natural impulse, and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.

> Young Man, You're Wanted!-A woman wants you. Don't forget her .-Don't wait to be rich. If you do, remember that, ten to one, you are not fit to get married. Marry while you are young,

and struggle up together.—E.c. But mark, young man! The woman does not want you if she has to divide her affections with a cigar, fancy dog, fast horse, or whiskey jug. Neither does she want you simply because you are a 'nice young man'-the definition of which, nowa-days, is too apt to be an animal that sports an immense hirsute appendage, lots of jewelry, kid gloves, a fashionably cut coat, a gold-headed cane, a pipe, hat on an empty head, drives a fast nag, drinks like a fish, swears like a trooper, and is given to all manner of licentiousness. She wants you for a companion and helpmate -she wants you if you have learned to regulate your appetite and passions-in fact, she wants you if you are made in the image of God, not in the likeness of a beast. If you are strong in good purpose, firm in resistance to evil, pure in thought and action as you require her to be, and without which inward and outward purity neither of you are fitted for husband or wife-if you love virtue and abhor viceif you are gentlemanly, forbearing and kind, not loud talking, exacting and brutal; then, young man, that woman wants you-that fair, modest, cheerful, brightone who fills your ideal of maiden and wife-it is she who wants you! Marry her when you like, whether you are rich or poor-we will trust you both on the conditions named, without further security.

SACRED WORDS .- Words are often as unforgetable as voiceless thoughts; they become very thoughts themselves, and are what they represent. How many simple, rudely, but fervently and beautifully rhymed psalms of David, are very part and parcel of the most spiritual treasures of the Scottish peasants' being:

"The Lord's my shephard, I'll not want, He makes me down to lie In pastures green: He leadeth me

The quiet waters by." These few lines sanctify to the thoughtful shepherd the brass of every stream that glides through the solitary placesthey have often given colors to the greensward beyond the brightness of all herbage "Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake dear wife. I am proud of you-I love and of all flowers. Thrice hallowed is all give her a little encouragement; it won't | you-and my first desire is for your hap- that poetry which makes us mortal creapiness. Oh, if I could always see your tures feel the union which subsists beof life.-Prof. Wilson.

Scandal is a visitor who never calls

Dates Worth Remembering.

1210-Glass windows first used for 1236—Chimneys first put to houses. 1252-Lead pipes for carrying water.

1290-Tallow candles for lights. 1302-Paper first made from linen. 1341-Woolen cloth first made in En-

1410-Art of painting in oil. 1440-Art of printing from moveable

1477-Watches first made in Germany. 1540-Variations in the compass first

1543—Pins first used in England. 1590—Telescope invented by Porta and

1590-Jupiter's satellites discovered by 1601—Tea first brought to Europe from

1603-Theatre erected in England, by Shakspeare. 1610-Thermometer invented by Sanc-

1619-Circulation of blood discovered y Harvey. 1625-Brieks first made of any requi-

red size. 1626-Printing in colors invented. 1629—Newspapers first established. 1635-Wine made from grapes in En-

1639—Pendulum clocks invented. 1641—Coffee brought to England. 1641-Sugar cane cultivated at the West

1643-Barometer invented by Torricel-

li, in Italy. 1646—Air guns invented. 1649-Steam engine invented. 1649—Bread first made with yeast. 1759-Cotton first planted in the Uni-

1785—Stereotyping invented. 1832-Telegraph invented by Morse. 1839—Daguerreotypes invented. 1859—The Alleghanian established.

Rum is Not a Gift of God.

From the hands of the benevolent Being who sitteth upon the "circle of the universe," directing the destiny of the human family, we receive naught to injure or molest us-all his dispensations are for our good, and that only-and all his gifts are for our happiness while upon the earth. Those mighty engines of human destruction, which damn our earth and obscure heaven, are of human origin and human invention. Rum, the great sire of them all, was conceived, concected, and created by man, for nowhere in creation can it be found among the gifts of our Heavenly Father. We affirm that in all the world-nay in all the universe of God, there is not a lake, a river, a streamlet, or a fountain of intoxicating drinks. There is no such a thing in nature. Water, God has everywhere given, spread it all over the world, sent it down from the clouds, sent bubbling up from the earth, made it journey in ceaseless activity in rills and great rivers towards the ocean He has, wherever man can live, given it to him at his very door, but intoxicating drinks he has provided nowhere on the face of the whole earth. That "gift," whether good or evil, is not the gift of God, but the invention of man-an inven- "Waging war upon the individuality of tion that has destroyed more sorrow and his personal curve." anguish, than war, pestilence and famine combined. It may, by many, be thought a questionable policy to deprive men of the use of it by legitimate enactment, but looking, frank-spoken woman-we mean to call intoxicating drinks the "Good gift of God," is an abuse of terms, and a burning reproach upon the benevolence and holy attributes of the Deity.

> Men. An accident occurred on one of our railroads recently, caused by the axle of the tender giving way, detaining the train several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger why he was so delayed? He gravely replied : "Madam, it Jerrold, "only try me with one." was occasioned by what is often followed by dangerous consequences—the sudden breaking off of a 'tender attachment.' The lady looked serious, and was silent.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she was married. Courage, ladies!

"There never was a goose so gray, But some day, soon or late, An honest gander came that way, And took her for his mate."

A young lady recently remarked with much simplicity, that she could not understand what her brother William saw It struck him on the jaw, and knocked in girls, that he liked them so well; and out a front tooth. that, for her part, she would not give the company of one young man for that of ter, "you had a dental operation performtwenty girls.

Py Virtue, Liberty and Independence. | tal !"

WITAND WISDOM

Gentility.

Genteel it is to have seft hands, But not genteel to work on lands; Genteel it is to lie abed, But not genteel to earn your bread; Genteel it is to cringe and bow, But not genteel to sow and plough; Genteel it is to play the beau, But not genteel to reap and mow; Genteel it is to keep a gig, But not genteel to hoe and dig; Genteel it is in trade to fail, But not genteel to swing the flail; Genteel it is to cheat your tailor. But not genteel to be a sailor Genteel it is to fight a duel, But not genteel to cut your fuel : Genteel it is to eat rich cake ; But not genteel to cook and bake: Genteel it is to have the "blues." But not genteel to wear thick shoes; Genteel it is to roll in wealth, But not genteel to have good health; Genteel it is to "cut" a friend, But not genteel your clothes to mend : Genteel it is to make a show; But not genteel poor folks to know; Genteel is to run away, But not genteel at home to stay; Genteel it is to smirk and smile, But not genteel to shun all guile: Genteel it is to be a knave, But not genteel your cash to save; Genteel it is to make a bet, But not genteel to pay a debt; Genteel it is to play at dice, But not genteel to take advice; Genteel it is sometimes to swear, But not genteel poor clothes to wear; Genteel it is to know a lord, But not genteel to pay your board; Genteel it is to skip and hop, But not genteel to keep a shop; Genteel it is waste your life, But not genteel to love your wife.

res. Fools and obstinate people make lawyers rich. Wit once bought, is worth twice

Good to begin well, better always

to end well. Every man is a fool where he hath not considered or thought.

For Tinners out to make good speakrs-they do so much "spouting."

The breaking of an army's both wings is a sure way to make it fly.

Miss Sillyprim says she may be old now, but that she has seen the time when she was as young as anybody. The phrase, "down in the mouth,"

is said to have been originated by Jonah about the time the whale swallowed him. Per The mayor of a certain town out West proposes to kill half the dogs of his

of the other half "Did you see Ary Scheffer?" inquired an artist of a traveler who had just returned Paris. "Nary Scheffer," was

town, and tan their hides with the bark

The phrase, "fighting on his own hook," is now more elegantly rendered:

Said a young lady to her gallant, "please clasp my cloak." "Certainly," said he, putting his arm around her, "and the contents also."

The ladies, no doubt, will be gratified to learn that a bowl containing two quarts of water, set in an oven when baking, will prevent pies, cakes, &c., from being scorched.

A would-be wit, having fired off all his stale jokes without effect, at last exclaimed: "Why, you never laugh when I say a good thing." "Don't I," retorted

There are some persons in the world who never permit us to love them except when they are absent; as when present they chill our affection by showing a great want of appreciation of it.

Said a man to a little boy walking up Broadway, with his eigar before breakfast, "My boy, you would look better with bread and butter in your mouth than with a cigar." "I know it," said the urchin.

"but it wouldn't be half so gloricus." non. Jones, while recently engaged in splitting green wood at Memphis, struck a false blow, causing the stick to fly up.

"Ah," said Bill, meeting him soon afed, I see.

"Yes," replied the sufferer, "axe-iden-